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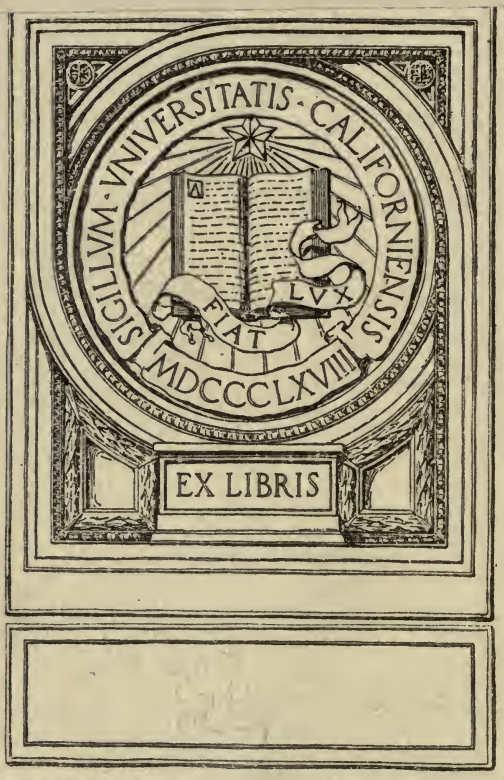
THE MAN WHO ONE DAY A YEAR WOULD GO "EELIN"

CHARLES HALSTED MAPES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CHARLES HALSTED MAPES

The Man Who One Day A Year Would Go "Eelin'"

And Some Other Little College Things —Mostly Athletic

By

Charles Halsted Mapes

Illustrated

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York London
The Knickerbocker Press
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by
CHARLES HALSTED MAPES

UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

L. C.

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS DEDICATED TO

PRESIDENT NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF LONG FELT AND CONSTANTLY GROWING

RESPECT AND ADMIRATION

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INTRODUCTION

THERE is a Chinese proverb which says: "If you must bow, bow low." The Publisher insists there must be an Introduction, and my forehead touches the floor.

This little collection of stories, articles, sketches, and speeches, heterogeneous as they may seem, are bound together by one slight thread: they are all inspired by College matters, and mostly out-of-doors—athletic.

They have been written the last year or two with no ulterior purpose whatever, merely for the pleasure of doing it. Their present fell use is the sinister suggestion of an outside mind. His the blood to be shed, not mine.

C. H. M.

NEW YORK,
March, 1913.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

I

THE MAN WHO ONE DAY A YEAR WOULD GO "EELIN' "

I WAS on the 10:02 local on my way to the Harvard–Yale Football Game when I first saw him. We had stopped at a way-station and I heard the conductor say, "Here comes Old Home," and he entered the smoking car where I was sitting.

He was a queer sight. A very old man, well over seventy, with a white pointed beard and pale, faded blue eyes, with a disreputable, battered old black slouch hat, and wrapped in a magnificent fur automobile coat, which hung in folds around his poor thin old form. Several porters rushed to him at once, and well they might, for no one who traveled the New Haven Road that day tipped like the inmate of The Home for Indigent Old Men. (But

I am getting along too fast, telling things that I came to know only years later.) They helped him off with his coat and he took the seat opposite me, with his coat hung up alongside of him. It caught my eye at once. It was the most elegant automobile coat I have ever seen, made of selected parts of raccoon skin, wonderfully dark and rich and so matched as to show a series of diamond patterns down the back. With its elegant small-checked shepherd's-plaid lining, its strip of braided leather by which it hung instead of the customary silk or chain, it was quiet perfection and elegance personified. It even had chains on the inside skirt which could be easily snapped so as to keep it wrapped around the legs when motoring. It was curiously out of keeping with the rest of his dress—a shiny, coarse, old black suit, immaculately clean, but evidently of the cheapest cut and texture.

He ordered a split of White Rock and with his trembling old hands took out a rock amber, gold-tipped cigarette holder and a singularly

elegant gold cigarette case. He fumbled piteously as he pressed open the case and tried to hold back the spring arms which kept the cigarettes in place. The cigarette itself looked unlike any brand I was familiar with, although I am a great cigarette smoker myself, and seemed curiously enough as he placed it in the holder to have a faint suggestion of the colors of the day—crimson and blue.

I left the smoking car shortly afterwards and did not see him again until about 12:30, when I went into Heublein's for lunch. He was sitting alone at a table, although around every other table in the room people were jammed in like sardines. He was receiving the same marked attention from the head-waiter down and finishing a most excellent and substantial lunch. I could see the remains of it, filet mignon with hashed browned potatoes, stewed tomatoes, etc., and alongside his plate was a pint of champagne of some unusual brand. I was so curious that I asked the waiter what the brand was and he

told me it was the famous Moet et Chandon Coronation Cuvée. The old man was sipping it with a keenness of relish that had something pathetic about it. He was absolutely alone, although, as I learned afterwards, he was always pressed with invitations from every side, but on that day it was his fixed rule neither to accept nor offer hospitality.

The good food and splendid old wine had wrought a marvelous change in him, and as I noticed it there came back to me one of the most interesting experiences of my life.

I had been in London in '89 and was lucky enough to be in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Parliament when Gladstone, then a very old man, made one of his last and most famous speeches. I shall never forget it. They had been discussing a bill known as the Royal Grants, a motion to increase the allowances of the King's grandchildren, as the Conservatives, who favored the bill, claimed that with their present income it was impossible for them to live in a style befitting their

royal station. The Liberals who opposed the bill were ridiculing the already enormous expenditures. Labouchere, the great wit, and then editor of *Truth*, had made a very characteristic speech in which he read items he had collected showing the expenses of the royal household—£10,000 per annum for washing, £4000 for pickles, £5000 for candles, etc. Gladstone was sitting in the front row of the Liberal side all hunched down in his seat, looking more like a mummy than a living man, his head on his chest, with the great points of his historic collar projecting way beyond his chin. He rose to reply to Labouchere. At first his voice was uncertain, weak, and husky, but as he warmed to his subject, his chest arching out, it rang clear as a bell. His text was "when you have royalty, they must live royally. Parsimony was unworthy of the English nation." With his wonderful eloquence and with such a theme, he soon had the entire House, Liberals as well as Conservatives, with him and the bill was carried

practically unanimously amidst tremendous cheering.

I next saw "Old Home" between the halves of the game. I had left my modest seat in a corner section and forced my way down with the crowd along the front of the stands. There he was right in the cheering section only a few rows up, a curious sight indeed among the body of undergraduates and younger alumni. The transition I had noticed after his lunch still held good—the excitement of the game and the cheering thousands seemed to have entered his blood. He looked twenty years younger, with a curious intent, something of personal elation and excitement. I had noticed this from the first, steadily growing through the day. A wistful, longing eagerness, an avidity for enjoyment, as though he would drain the cup of pleasure to the dregs—no, not dregs, for such a cup of pleasure, given but one day a year, could have no dregs—the last drops were even more precious than the first. (But there I go again using knowledge

which did not come to me until long after.) And as I watched him he ever smoked the constant cigarette, but I noticed that now the hands with which he took it from his beautiful gold case seemed to tremble hardly at all.

I always loved football and went to the big games each year. While I never saw him at any of the others, I saw him at the Harvard–Yale Game almost every year, and always under about the same circumstances—the same eager attention of the servants, the same choice luncheon with its pint of champagne, now at Heublein's, now at the Touraine Café, and always his seat in the cheering section, with Yale at New Haven, with Harvard in Boston. He grew with me to be, what some of the boys whom I knew told me he had become to them, an institution, almost as much of a fixture as the goal posts. Then I missed him for a game or two. I thought very little of it, but as several years went by my interest grew so that one day I determined to run out to Greenwich where the Institution, I found

from one of the conductors, was located, and find out just what had become of him. The Superintendent was only too glad to see me when I explained my errand. As I dreaded, "Old Home" had died several years before. The Superintendent told me his story and a curious and touching one it was.

He was well born, a graduate of Columbia University and always of easy means. He had while at college taken quite a prominent part in athletics and never lost his intense fondness for sport of all kinds. All prominent events—rowing, baseball, football—found him there. Although he had always enjoyed unusual strength and health, when well along in middle life, about fifty, he had a very serious nervous breakdown, was sent away from the city, and while finally six or eight months in the country brought him around in better shape than ever, he almost died before the turn came. When he got back in his renewed health, appreciating the joy of living as he had never known it before, it was just in the middle of the foot-

ball season, and to let the "gang" know, as he put it, "that he was on the turf again," he made, for him, a very heavy bet, many times what he was accustomed to wager, on the Harvard–Yale Game, and Harvard, his choice, won with supreme ease, 20 to 0. This was so associated in his mind with his recovery from his severe illness that he determined to keep in memory this sentiment by every means possible.

He bought the beautiful gold cigarette case I have referred to and had it marked with his initials on one side and the score, "Harvard 20," "Yale 0," on the back. He had special cigarettes made with "Harvard 20" in red and "Yale 0" in blue, and this was the faint suggestion of the colors of the day, crimson and blue, which I thought I had noticed. He bought the fur automobile or football coat, going to Gunther's and ordering the handsomest coon-skin coat which could be made, and in place of the tag in the back where the maker's name usually appears, he had embroidered in red silk "Har-

vard 20"; in blue, "Yale 0." This left about $400 of his winnings, and he sent out invitations to twenty-five of his old sporting friends for a dinner at the University Club, a sort of combination of football and glad-to-be-alive-again occasion. Before it was held, however, an insurance man happened to mention annuities to him. "The very thing!" he said. "What annuity can you buy me for $400?" And he purchased with his $400 an annuity, $27.42, to be paid to him each year the first of November as long as he lived. "Just enough," as he told the agent—"$2 for the ticket, and $25 for a good lunch," and the agent sapiently replied, "A damned good lunch it ought to be, sir." The Insurance Company entered into the joke to such an extent that they had very handsomely embossed on the policy, "Harvard 20" in red; "Yale 0" in blue. When his dinner came off (now, of course, it had to be paid for out of his own pocket, but he gladly did this as the annuity so aptly expressed the peculiar sentimental

features of the wager), he had the waiter bring in Exhibits A, B, and C, the marked cigarette case, the marked fur overcoat, and the marked policy, and they naturally, in the vernacular of the day, made "some hit."

They made him put on his coat, and as he stood there with his pearl studs and white shirt front and waistcoat showing off against the rich brown fur, with the annuity and gold cigarette case in his hand, flushed with wine and happiness, he jestingly boasted that come what might, even if he wound up in a paupers' Home, one day a year he could have his fling with his cigarettes, his fur coat, and his annuity —going to the big game. And all the merry company laughed with him, and not one realized the grim truth that the coming years were to disclose lay hidden behind the jest.

All this the Superintendent told me he had picked up bit by bit in the years the old man had been with him, and showed me the cigarette case and coat with their peculiar marking, which, when he died, he left to the

Home as mementos, but not one word had he ever spoken of what had happened between the time of his prosperity and the day when he arrived at the Institution an object of charity, a pauper—but with his gold cigarette case, his fur coat, and his annuity. There he lived exactly like any other inmate excepting for the one day a year, and in that day the whole Institution felt they were participating. Christmas, New Year's, Fourth of July were fine holidays but you had to share them with millions of people, but the Saturday before Thanksgiving, the day of the Harvard–Yale Game, seemed to them to have been almost made for the Institution alone.

How they cheered him with their cracked old quavering voices as the station hack drove him away to start him on his day! How anxiously they waited, and when the old warrior returned safe at last, his sword and shield —his gold cigarette case and fur coat—put away for another year, how they gathered

about him in front of the fire and listened to his experiences! It was enough to make you laugh or cry or perhaps try to do both at once.

How cruelly he must have been tempted, through all the bitter years of his downward road, to sell his cigarette case and coat and realize on his annuity! It reminded me of a story I heard Elihu Root, Secretary of State under Roosevelt, tell Mr. James W. Alexander, then President of the great Equitable Assurance Society.

"An old darky was fishing. He pulled in a fish which turned out to be a magnificent bass. He took it off the hook, held it in his hand, looked at it, then threw it back contemptuously. 'When I go Eelin',' he said, 'I go Eelin'.'"

With all "Old Home's" sore temptations to take the more substantial bass, sentiment won out, and one day a year, at least, come what might, he went "Eelin'."

Heaven knows what sins of omission or

perhaps of commission led to his downfall, but he had one quality, at least, which richly merited a kinder fate—he was a good sport. God rest his soul!

II

MIKE MURPHY—COLLEGE TRAINER

An Appreciation by a Man Who Knows Him Well.

MIKE is a very unusual character. A spare, rather small, delicate man, dressed in plain dark clothes, deaf, with a nasal Yankee voice, a shrewd twinkle in his faded blue eyes, and a comical twist to one corner of his mouth. In his particular line—a selector and trainer of athletes—he is easily the best man in the world. He was selected as the official trainer of the last two American Olympic Teams, the greatest aggregation of athletes ever gathered under one flag, and how nobly he justified the choice of the committee is now a matter of history.

But Mike is far more than a mere trainer.

He has the faculty of winning the love and confidence of those who work under him to a remarkable degree. Any man whom he trained "would do anything in the world for Mike," and this rare gift, for it is a rare and precious gift, makes him almost as valuable in other directions as in his own proper sphere.

I was talking to Dr. R. Tait McKenzie of the University of Pennsylvania about this only the other day. Dr. McKenzie not only has an absolute technical knowledge of all phases of athletics, but brings to them the true artist's appreciation. He is a very well known sculptor in addition to acting as Director of Athletics at Penn. He has known Mike Murphy well himself for years. "Yes," he said, "Mike is a combination of a Professor of Applied Psychology and an Evangelist. He possesses the quality peculiar to Evangelists, of first hypnotizing himself, so great an aid in getting control of those to whom he appeals."

Mike's real work, as I have said, is training track athletes in the spring, but in the fall

he used to fill in by taking charge of the physical condition of the football teams, and his work here was hardly less valuable.

I am going to give two anecdotes of Mike which throw more light on his unusual character than I could do if I wrote pages. I can vouch for them both absolutely. I was at the football game myself and what took place between the halves behind the closed doors of the Penn. training room has been told to me by men who were there. The second story, that is, the bare facts of it, I heard from Mike's own lips. He got talking—and Mike is a wonderful talker when you can get him started—one Friday night after the trial heats of the Intercollegiate Games, reminiscing about old times to Mr. Hugh H. Baxter of the New York Athletic Club and myself. Mr. Baxter is one of Mike's closest and dearest friends. He was the Captain of the New York Athletic Club team which won perhaps the most remarkable American International athletic victory ever won. It was a match of eleven

selected events between the New York Athletic Club representing America and the London Athletic Club representing England, and the conditions were so understood that practically it was all England against all America, each club making members for this meet of any representative athletes of their country who were outside of their membership. Baxter was the Captain of the American team and Mike Murphy the trainer, and they worked together over it heart and soul. While experts thought the match would be very close, America made an absolutely clean sweep, winning every one of the eleven events. But to get back to the story.

The football game first. It was the last game which Harvard and Pennsylvania played. Relations between them had been strained for some time. Harvard claimed that Pennsylvania had won games by using men who certainly violated the spirit of intercollegiate eligibility rules and very probably violated in some special cases the letter. Pennsyl-

vania retorted that Harvard had answered an official formal communication about future arrangements for games by a curt postal card response, and these wild and probably baseless rumors had been taken, as is usually the case, at their full face value by the undergraduates and hot-headed younger alumni. It was even reported that Harvard had said that they were going to lick Penn. well this game and then never play them again. There was enough foundation in all this to make every one perfectly certain that the game would be for blood, and for blood it was. Unfortunately Harvard had a very much heavier team, outweighing Penn. ten or fifteen pounds to the man, with a fine early season record, and these facts made them two- or three-to-one favorites, as it did not look to the experts that the game could even be close, but they reckoned without Mike Murphy.

Almost at the opening play Harvard fumbled the ball. Penn. recovered it on Harvard's eight- to ten-yard line and by a couple of well-

directed, snappily executed plays rushed it over for a touchdown. Then the Harvard heavy team found itself and began using their great weight and power to the best advantage. Playing good football, they pushed Penn. for over half the length of the field and finally scored a well-earned, richly deserved touchdown, tying the score. The first half ended, Penn. 6, Harvard 6. But the final demonstration of Harvard's power and weight seemed so conclusive that every one felt the game was practically over. Fight as the lighter Penn. team would, Harvard must go on in the second half and score at least once or twice more. But again they reckoned without Mike.

In the Penn. training room he talked to his men. He told them that while the odds were heavily against them, outweighed as they were, they knew more football than Harvard, and if they fought as they could fight, victory might still be theirs. Then Mike cut loose. He said: "If you have a sweetheart, fight for

your sweetheart; if you have a wife, fight for her; if you have a mother, fight for your mother, and if any of you have neither sweetheart, wife, nor mother, then fight for Mike. I have n't long to live boys—fight for me." The Penn. team knew the man who was talking to them and believed him. A great resolve was born. Mike took his stand at the door. Each Penn. man as he went out put his hand on Mike's shoulder and said, "My life on the game and for Mike."

You should have seen the Penn. team that second half. They were organized fury, raging intelligence; they ran their plays off like clockwork. They struck that Harvard Beef Trust like a Supreme Court injunction. They ran up and down the field like lambent flame. I don't know exactly what this means, but it sounds well and they certainly did it as they did everything that second half. There was absolutely nothing to it. I have forgotten the exact score but it was overwhelming.

Mike had glorious material to work with.

All honor to that Penn. team, but without Mike Murphy, and not a dozen people of those twenty-five thousand who witnessed the game knew it, at least that day, Penn., not Harvard, must have gone down to defeat in one of the most critical and greatest games of football ever played.

We now cross the water. Many of Mike's greatest victories were won in foreign countries. He was the trainer of the Yale–Harvard team in one of their matches with Oxford–Cambridge and America had won decisively. A dinner was given to both teams that night and a young American Consul was down for one of the speeches. He had the time of his life. He gave them Bunker Hill, he made the American Eagle scream, he twisted the Lion's tail, and probably had never so enjoyed himself before. Mike said it was something awful, it made his very back creep. It was bad enough to beat such splendid manly fellows as the Englishmen were, but to rub it in this way when they were down was more than he

could stand. He had not expected to say anything, but could not hold back. "America was all right and he and every one of them were mighty proud of their victory over such opponents, but America was still young and rather untried. When we have a horse which has beaten everything on our side of the water and we think is a great champion, what do we do? We send it over to old England, the athletic standard of the world, to find its real class. When we have a rifle team, we do the same thing. When we have a great yacht, a great tennis player, or worthy representative of America in any branch of sport, it 's the same." And the undemonstrative English university men, with probably a future duke or two concealed about their persons, carried away not only by his words but by the truly generous spirit in the victorious foe which shone through them so clearly, forgot the traditions of their caste and of their race and raised the little American trainer on their shoulders and bore him in triumph around the dinner table.

Poor Mike, always delicate, which made all he accomplished the more wonderful, left Yale, which he loved like an alumnus and where they thought the world of him; they offered him his own figure to stay, because he could no longer stand the New England climate and felt he would be better in Philadelphia, even under strange surroundings. But Mike is not a mere soldier of fortune giving honest adequate service for his pay. Such a nature could do nothing by halves. His heart is in his work—goes with his work. He became as loyal to Penn., grew even to love Penn., as he had loved Yale, and met with the same devoted loving return for what he gave—his best—and such a best as only Mike Murphy could give.

His health under the strain of the last Olympic Games has finally broken down and he has gone to the mountains in hopes of recovery. Mike Murphy has more than a touch of the divine spark. He is a genius in his line, and that he may soon return to take

up again the work he loves so well is the hope of every Yale man, every Penn. man, every college man, every athlete, throughout this broad land who has ever come in contact with him, for each and every one is his friend and their name is Legion.

III

HOW WE WON OUR COAT-OF-ARMS

BEFORE the Harvard–Yale Game I was lunching with a party at Heublein's. One of the women, whom I had not seen since my illness, said: "Charlie, you 're looking great —like a French marquis in English clothes." She meant it as only a pretty empty compliment, but there was more in it than she knew. It set me thinking of my ancestors and the story I am about to tell you.

It was the time of Louis XI. Cards had been recently invented and were all the rage. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, challenged Louis or any French champion whom he might name to a game of Freeze Out for the championship of Europe, the stakes to be a million louis d'or a side. So great was the bold Duke's reputation and so heavy the

Napes.

wager proposed, that neither Louis nor any of his great French nobles dared to accept. My ancestor, a young Englishman named Sir Walter de Maps, who happened to be in Paris at the time, sought out the King and asked him for the honor of appearing as his champion. There was but one difficulty—if he mortgaged his estates to the last farthing he could raise only one half the stake, 500,000 louis d'or. But the Mapeses ever had persuasive tongues—winning ways, and for once Louis the Tight Wad, like Steve Brody, decided to take a chance. He agreed to syndicate Sir Walter on a 50% basis and the match was made. France won the toss and it was held on a beautiful meadow just outside Paris. The table was placed under a canopy of cloth of gold, and the bold Duke and the gallant Sir Walter sat with fifty chips apiece to decide the issue.

For a time it ran fairly evenly and then Burgundy got a streak and no one, not even the Colonel, could play his cards better when

luck was with him than Charles the Bold. Try as Sir Walter would, his chips melted away until barely a measly eight or ten stood between him, defeat, and absolute beggary. But Freeze Out is a game of infinite patience as well as daring skill, and hot-blooded Burgundy was ever short of the first requisite. With his ducal crown pushed impatiently back until it rested at an angle of forty-five degrees on his right ear, he began to force his luck, to press, and Sir Walter, ever calm, ever alert, saw his stack steadily grow. The turn had come and in a few moments he had passed the even mark and was in the lead. The excitable French could hardly be kept back by the silken cords which were stretched to keep them from crowding in on the players. Fortune ever will favor the bravely patient, the patiently brave, and Sir Walter found himself with four aces in his hand and brought off his great coup. With infinite cunning he played them so that Burgundy thought he was only up against a bluff, a busted flush pro-

bably, and shoved in the balance of his pile on the call, and France had won her greatest victory.

And Louis the Tight Wad—500,000 louis d'or in his pocket, his vaunted rival publicly humiliated, and the honor of La Belle France sustained. Nothing was too good for Sir Walter. Louis founded the Order of the Golden Fleece in his honor, although what there is of fleecing to honestly beat a man with four aces I wot not of. He made him Knight Commander and had his Court of Heraldry create the coat-of-arms you have seen in the other room: the motto—*Fortis in Arduis, Brave in Adversity*, to celebrate his stand when he was almost pushed over the line; the four aces, the means he used to achieve his final triumph. In those days cards were but crude and only one suit was known—diamonds.

Sir Walter after this lived much in Paris and became half a Frenchman. In time, as did so many brave knights in those days, he

entered a monastery, and in written history is known, as Hagen will tell you, only as Walter de Maps, the Scholar Monk. But we Mapeses have to do with the unwritten portion of his career, perhaps the most interesting incident of which you have just heard.

IV

THE GREATEST SPORTING EVENT IN THE WORLD

PRESIDENT LOWELL of Harvard has said that no noise expresses so little as organized cheering. I do not agree with him. The cheers with which you have greeted us alumni, to my ears have made a noise very much like welcome and I think they expressed that feeling mighty well.

Although my specialty in college was track athletics, I was a rowing man for about ten minutes; I pulled No. two on the '85 Freshmen crew in the fall regatta. I wish at the start to qualify with you as an expert. This is my reason for throwing modesty to the winds and mentioning this important fact.

The Freshman race that year was rather more important than usual; we were rowing Harvard in those days, and had a special

arrangement. The Varsities rowed at New London, while the Freshmen were to row one year at Cambridge and one year in New York; '84 had been licked the first year of this arrangement on the Charles, and Harvard was coming to the Harlem that spring to give us our chance.

Our Freshmen crew was ridiculously light, only averaging about 145 lbs., and at first when they went on the water in the spring they were considered more or less of a joke, but they were a tough, wiry bunch and were lucky enough to have in Walter Peet—you all know Dr. Walter Peet, our old coach and now the well-known rowing authority—a very unusual stroke. He was a natural oarsman and the crew behind him soon got together in a remarkable way. It was only a short time before the Harlem experts began to sit up and take notice—"That Columbia Freshman Eight, those skeletons, could certainly go some."

Well, Harvard arrived. When we saw them

go out the first day we were nearly scared to death. They were a great big hulking set of men, the kind of men that make far better Varsity material in a couple of years than Freshmen crew men, and I should say outweighed us on the average fully twenty pounds to the man. I for one, had about given up hope when Jasper T. Goodwin, who was with the Varsity at Cambridge, came down one day to see how the Freshmen crews were getting on. I braced him on the float after he had seen Harvard row. I happened to be President of the Freshman Class, and if the President of the United States had been on that float and I thought he knew anything about it, I would have approached him as an equal and asked him about the chances of our crew. Goody said: "They only clear their puddles at thirty, about half as much as we do." I did n't have the slighest idea what he meant, but he seemed satisfied, looked wise, and it did me a heap of good.

You ought to have seen the race. It was

like taking candy from giant babies. We went away at the start, loafed down the course, and finished with some four or five lengths of open water between the boats. We gave a dinner to the two crews and some old rooters at Delmonico's that night. Your Uncle as President of the Class had to preside, but was too happy to be much scared. I will never forget Walter Peet's speech, which consisted mainly of one great point. We happened to have two men by the name of Lee rowing in our boat—we will say at three and six. Walter started off with some rigmarole about it looking like blowing hard that day and Harvard being worried as to whether or not they should use wash-boards, but he said, of course, that did n't bother us at all with the Columbia boat, why should it? Were n't both sides lee sides? Walter is my old and very dear friend and, of course, I am prejudiced, but I leave it to you—did Joseph Choate or Chauncey Depew ever get off anything quite so brilliantly witty?

I have always loved rowing. You can talk to me about football; I have only missed one Princeton–Yale game since '79, and then I had pneumonia. You can talk to me about baseball; I am a dyed-in-the-wool fan. You can talk to me about track athletics; I have not missed an Intercollegiate since I graduated, but roll them all in one and then give me the Poughkeepsie Regatta.

I do not know that all of you quite realize what the Poughkeepsie Regatta is—what the winning of it means. Speaking with deliberate judgment, I think it is the greatest sporting event in the world. What the English Derby is to horse-racing, the Poughkeepsie Regatta is to amateur sport; it is the blue-ribbon event. Consider for a moment: in football you can have a contest between only two teams; in baseball, of course, the same applies; and while a great track meet is most interesting, you can not get that intensity, that focalized interest that you get in the other three forms of athletic contests.

When it comes to rowing, the Poughkeepsie Regatta is in a class by itself. The Harvard–Yale boat race and the Oxford–Cambridge race are big contests between two crews which often resolve themselves almost from the start into a procession, and while the Grand Challenge Race at the Henley Regatta is probably considered the greatest event in the world, the distance is only one mile 550 yards, and of necessity it is a wild spurt, the crews sprinting at forty and upwards with none of the beautiful pace and swing of a crack four-mile crew. Take a typical Cornell crew; I would take one of ours as a standard, but we must n't put the standard too high. I think that rowing at say thirty-two there is no more beautiful sight to the expert in the world. The men absolutely together, the stroke long, getting every inch of what they are after, the recovery so easy and slow that it almost seems to rest them as they come up for the next stroke, the boat going along with the steadiness and absence of fuss of an electric

launch without the slightest check between strokes; the whole thing so run into one, so smooth, that it seems hard to realize that beneath that smoothness men pull their very hearts out if it is necessary.

If we feel this way about one crew, what about the Varsity race at Poughkeepsie with six? The observation train of forty or fifty cars, which has been pulsating with life and color through the earlier events, has pulled up to the starting point and is at rest under the wooded hill, and every one is glad to have a little relief from the excitement. The beautiful Hudson is almost always quiet in the late afternoon and looking over it with perhaps a tow coming lazily down the river, there is nothing to suggest what is soon to come except the little row of starting skiffs anchored in line, with their bright-colored flags indicating the positions the colleges have drawn. Some one shouts "Here comes a crew!" In a moment, like an aroused beehive, the observation train is humming, is buzzing with excite-

ment in every part, and now all the crews come quickly one after the other. You can hear the comments of the sharps as they watch their style: "I don't think Cornell is quite as smooth as last year." "Look at Columbia's leg-drive." "Penn. is certainly rushing their slides a little," and as each one goes by the train to swing into position they get a royal welcome—their own college cheer which is such music to their ears. At last they are all six in place and there is a silence like death. Crack! goes the referee's pistol and they are off. The race is on, and what races those Poughkeepsie races are! Why can't we have?—we can, it is a great idea—we will have a moving picture machine on the observation train this summer, and in years to come your sons will see Daddy making the spurt, giving her the "dozen" that broke the heart of Cornell.

To come back to the race. I have been for three years with Billy Meikleham on the referee's boat at New London and they consider it a good race if the two crews are

together for a couple of miles and then one goes away to win by three or four lengths. We have been spoiled at Poughkeepsie. How many times have we seen the crews lapped at the finish! Just think of the closeness, that means; half a boat's length apart after four miles of heart-breaking struggle; only two seconds' difference in over 1200 seconds of desperate effort! You remember the words of Admiral Schley after the battle of Santiago—"There is glory enough for all." Certainly there should be glory enough for the two leading crews in these Poughkeepsie finishes.

Speaking of Santiago, I read somewhere once a description of the Admiral's Flagship *Brooklyn*. Her men served her guns so magnificently, her firing was so rapid and continuous that at the height of the engagement she did not look like a ship at all; she seemed a sheet of flame.

Well, as the time of the Poughkeepsie Regatta approached last summer enthusiasm ran high and some seven hundred or eight

hundred of the alumni went up to Poughkeepsie on the *Albany* full of hope and confidence. You all know what happened. For our splendid crew to finish within three lengths of the winner in the water they had was nothing short of marvelous. We went back to the *Albany* bitterly disappointed but not discouraged, for every man thought that given an even chance our Varsity would have justified every confidence, and if they had won, the *Albany* going down the Hudson that night would have made the *Brooklyn* at Santiago, that "sheet of flame," look like a tallow candle compared to the electric tower at Dreamland.

We had a fine time as it was, and the bartenders, to some extent with us, the "men behind the flame," worked like heroes, but had the battle gone our way, nothing human could have served ammunition,—given us our loads as quickly as we would have wanted them. Why, gentlemen, the Captain of the *Albany* could have banked his fires, blown off steam—

we would have run his engines, taken her down to New York, on alcohol vapor alone.

Enough of last year, of what might have been, or even what should have been. We are here to-night to think of this season. Gentlemen, it seems to me it is absolutely up to you. The facilities are excellent—the training course on the west side of the river and our houseboat could not be better, and in Jim Rice you have a coach second to no man in America, not even to Courtney the old Wizard of the Sweeps. When you consider the difference in material, in established rowing conditions and facilities, I think Rice's work since he has been with us fully as creditable as Courtney's in the same years. He has made us the equal of the best—at the head of the river. Each year it has been Columbia they have had to beat, and with a little turn of the luck—of the break—the Varsity would have won at least a couple of years.

Gentlemen, the alumni are behind you as they have never been in the history of the

university. Now do your share, turn out, give Rice the material, put your soul in your work, and July 1st will see one and all of us, old graduates, young graduates, undergraduates, the happiest bunch in America.

V

ON THE REVIVAL OF ALUMNI ENTHUSIASM

UNEASY is the head that wears the scholastic crown, the mortarboard. Those to the manner born, like our beloved Dean, can carry it off with dignity, but I find it cramps my style and am going to violate all scholastic canons and speak with it in my hand.

The Committee has permitted me to depart a little from the established order of the exercises and say a few words to you on the revival of alumni enthusiasm. It is a subject that almost speaks itself. Every Columbia man these days feels that he is a part of a great big going and growing concern. I am referring not only to the university but to our alumni bodies as well.

There was a time that we Columbia grad-

uates, hearing of what the alumni of our sister universities, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, were doing, felt, and perhaps justly, that we had missed something of a heritage which should have been ours. That day has passed and I believe has passed forever. We have gotten well clear of our shell at last, and anything more lusty than our awakened crowing you will never hear. On every side the alumni are up and doing.

The Monday Lunch, the Columbia Club, the Three Great Societies, the Alumni Association, all give evidence of a splendid, vigorous life. Not only is there new blood and plenty of it, but the old blood has undergone a change, has been revitalized. The enervating white corpuscles have been destroyed and in their place are those of a color which our Harvard friends, in fixing the official shade of their beautiful crimson, describe as arterial blood-red. I have been speaking of the things which belong peculiarly to our New York Alumni, but from what I hear of our Alumni

Associations throughout the country, I believe that the same splendid Columbia spirit is abroad to-day wherever Columbia men gather.

The other day at the University Club I was talking of these things, of our awakened enthusiasm, to a Princeton man in whose breadth of judgment I have great confidence. "Yes," he said, "Charlie, I know it is all so, and what appeals to me most strongly, what interests me most, is that it is not built up on athletics, but is an almost indefinable growth in which athletics only hold their proper relative place." It was a new and most striking point of view coming from an outsider. He is right, absolutely right. As an old athlete, I am glad—nay proud—to stand here to-day and say that our enthusiasm, our loyalty, is founded on something far deeper, far more vital than the success of our athletic teams, although heaven knows no one could be prouder and happier than we are when they, like Jack Johnson, bring home the bacon.

I was speaking a couple of weeks ago on

almost this same subject at the Dinner of the Older Graduates. In closing, I used an illustration with which I will conclude to-day.

Bulwer in his *Harold* tells how after the battle of Hastings they were searching for the body of the Saxon king. It was easily to be recognized: above the heart was tattooed the name of his first love, Edith, Edith of the Swan's Neck. It was faint, almost obliterated, for over it strong, clear was—England—and all knew that Harold had been found. Gentlemen, this is ancient history but we can draw from it a moral for to-day. Above every impression that other interests, other loves may make, let us place ever fresh, unmistakable—Columbia—and all must know whose loyal sons we are.

VI

DINNER OF SOCIETY OF OLDER GRADUATES

SOME of you have no doubt heard that I have been through a very serious illness since your last dinner, and while I have absolutely recovered, the doctors have warned me against getting too gay this winter, and, in particular, tried to put a ban on speeches.

You are familiar with Nathaniel Hawthorne's beautiful story, "Rapaccini's Daughter." She was the child of an old alchemist, who devoted his life to the study of poisons and poisonous flowers. From her babyhood she had lived among them and so became immune. Her lover from his room in a neighboring tower could see her tending the wonderfully gorgeous poison growths every day. For any other living thing to come in contact with them, or even inhale their per-

fume, was instant death. Birds which flew over too close would drop at her feet, and her father, the old alchemist, could do his work only when protected by a glass mask, but she, laboring constantly among them, throve and each day grew more beautiful.

So it is with me. If I do not grow more beautiful each day—how could I?—I still thrive on the poison of my occasional speeches, so deadly in their effect on others. Why, gentlemen, a friend of mine, with my late illness in mind and hearing of my somewhat checkered winter, wrote the other day asking how I was. I told him that each morning I whipped my weight in wild cats and then ate them raw for breakfast.

In spite of this speech business, however, my respect for doctors has grown considerably since the recent convention in Berlin or Vienna, where they officially decided that a man of fifty, physically, intellectually, and morally, was at his prime, better even than a man of forty. Now, I 'm prepared to

accept their judgment on the physical and intellectual side, but when it comes to feeling my pulse and telling me not only that it is beating too fast, but beating fast legitimately or illegitimately, I "hae me doots."

However, I am not going to quarrel with their conclusions. They evidently worked with the object of proving the Upper Eighties the most perfect body of men in the world. It is hardly necessary for them to have gone to all the trouble. We admit it freely ourselves.

This may seem like blowing our own horns, but to paraphrase something Ben Lawrence got off the other day at the Alumni Lunch, blowing your own horn may be an indication of mental fog, but with us Upper Eighties—men of fifty—our clearness of vision is such that we can give the Early Eighties and Old Grads a handicap of a fog or two and still beat them to it.

I wish the doctors had gone a little further and given us more information on the progress

of decay. I suppose, as in everything else, it is along the lines of least resistance, the weakest link. Take the Old Grads—intellectually, we know they are all right—we have heard Dr. Ricketts speak to-night. Physically, feel Bob Cornell's biceps; or look at Ben Lawrence sitting there big as a Bull Moose, but infinitely more popular. But morally! In pursuing my investigation on this point, I am going to select your pride and joy, Dr. Chandler, and therefore feel certain that you cannot quarrel with my conclusions if justly drawn. I sat next to him at your Dinner last year. For three quarters of it he was the man I had always imagined him to be—charming man of the world, most learned, but as the dinner went on I seemed to see him in a new light—he was Mephisto and I a modern Faust. We were staggering under the load of your guest-table hospitality, chauffeured by Benedict, but he was not satisfied, he insisted on buying a couple of quarts on the side and pressing them on me. "Mapes, my boy," he said,

"you can never be great and beautiful as I have been for so many years unless you drink more champag-ne. Champag-ne water is the thing, my boy." Why, he knew it so well, feared it so little, that he even called it a pet name. And this the man to whom great cities for years have been turning to for advice on all questions appertaining to health. The old reprobate! I don't believe a day passes that he does n't wish he was a centipede. He accomplishes marvels with two hollow legs; what could n't he do if he had a hundred?

I fixed him to-night, however. With Benedict's permission, I ordered a quart of that modestly named wine No. 222 A Schloss Reinhartshausener, Erbacher Siegelsberg Prinz Friederich Heinrich von Preussen'sche Domäne, Original Füllung. If he thinks that after forcing myself to eat, or rather drink, these words anything on earth can switch me to his old champag-ne water, he has another guess coming.

I broke down under the weight of my re-

sponsibility as President of the Upper Eighties, and they elected as my successor, Mr. Arthur Dwight, but he promptly resigned. Who was it who said, "Let me write the ballads and you can make the laws." I now say: "Let me represent the Upper Eighties at the Dinners of the Older Graduates and you can make your own slate—elect any President you please." Perhaps we have all been taking this question of Presidency too seriously, and Benedict was right when he said to me the other day: "Why, Mapes, do you know why we elect Presidents of the Societies? For precisely the same reason as we place parsley around a fish—merely as a matter of decoration."

My apologies for rambling on so to the Older Graduates, who, under the able tutelage of Dr. Chandler, have so sternly set their face against poisons of all kinds—alcoholic, non-alcoholic, champagne, speeches, what-not. But, gentlemen, take heart, you know what Lady Godiva is reported to have said when

drawing near the end of her journey, "I have almost reached my clothes." Speaking for the Upper Eighties, Mr. Dodge, Mr. De Witt, and myself, who represent them here to-night, thank you most cordially for your hospitality.

VII

THE DAY COLUMBIA BEAT YALE

FIFTEEN years ago Yale was supreme in football. Occasionally, but only very occasionally, one of their great rivals, Princeton or Harvard, would win a game from them, but for any outsider, any body except one of the "Eternal Triangle," to beat Yale was out of the question—an utter impossibility. And, by the way, that Triangle at times got almost as much on the nerves of the outside public as the Frenchmen's celebrated three—wife, husband, lover—the foundation of their every play.

The psychological effect of Yale's past prestige and present prowess was all-powerful in every game. The blue-jerseyed figures with the white Y would tumble through the gate and spread out on the field; the stands would

rise to them with a roar of joyous welcome that would raise the very skies—Y-a-l-e! Y–a–l–e! Y—a—l—e!

Small wonder that each man was right on his toes, felt as though he were made of steel springs. All other Yale teams had won, "We will win, of course."

But the poor other side—they might just as well throw their canvas jackets and moleskin trousers in the old suit-case at once and go home. "Beat Yale! boys, we 're crazy, but every man must try his damnedest to keep the score low," and so the game was won and lost before the referee even blew his starting whistle.

This was the general rule, but every rule needs an exception to prove it, and a certain November afternoon in 1899 we gave them their belly full of exception.

We had a very strong team that year with some truly great players, Harold Weekes and Bill Morley (there never were two better men behind the line), and Jack Wright, old

Jack Wright, playing equally well guard or center, as fine a linesman as I have ever seen. Weekes, Morley, and Wright were on the "All-American" team of that year, and Walter Camp in selecting his "All-American" team of all time several years ago picked Harold Weekes as his first half-back.

I can see the game now; there was no scoring in the first half. To the outsider the teams seemed evenly matched, but we, who knew our men, thought we saw that the power was there; and if they could but realize their strength and that they had it in them to lay low at last that armor-plated old rhinoceros, the terror of the college jungle—Yale,—with an even break of luck, the game must be ours.

In the second half our opportunity came. By one of the shifting chances of the game we got the ball on about their 25-yard line; one yard, three yards, two yards, four yards, we went through them, there was no stopping us, and at last—over, well over, for a touchdown.

Through some technicality in the last rush the officials, instead of allowing the touchdown, took the ball away from us and gave it to Yale. They were right, probably quite right, but how could we think so? Yale at once kicked the ball to the middle of the field well out of danger. The teams lined up. On the very next play with every man of that splendidly trained eleven doing his allotted work, Harold Weekes swept around the end, aided by the magnificent interference of Jack Wright which gave him his start. He ran half the length of the field, through the entire Yale team, and planted the ball squarely behind the goal posts for the touchdown which won the game. If we had ever had any doubt that cruel wrong is righted, that truth and justice must prevail, it was swept away that moment in a great wave of thanksgiving.

I shall never forget it—Columbia had beaten Yale! Tears running down my cheeks, shaken by emotion, I could n't speak, let alone cheer. My best girl was with me.

She gave one quick half-frightened glance and I believe almost realized all I felt. She was all gold. I feel now the timid little pressure on my arm as she tried to help me regain control of myself. God! why has life so few such moments!

VIII

ODE TO A BOOTBLACK

I HAVE known many gentlemen sports but the best sport I ever met, "The King of them all," is my friend Nick the Bootblack who hangs out around the Aquarium in Battery Park. Nick is probably about twenty-two or twenty-three, but looks much younger. He is a sawed-off little fellow, very strong and active, with a brisk, alert way about him.

Nick is an unusual type, a pure Italian, but with blue eyes and golden-brown hair and very heavy golden-brown eyebrows. I go down to the Battery every day at lunch time and have grown to know him very well.

He happened to tell me last Fall that he was going up around Yonkers for a day's shooting. I saw him a couple of days after

and naturally asked him what luck he had. He said, "Great, but the day ended bad." I asked what the trouble was, and he said that when they were on the way home with a bag full of birds a bloke came up to them and they got talking and showed him the birds. He was a game-warden and promptly arrested them, and Nick said his fine was twenty-five dollars, but with his usual absolute cheerfulness remarked, "We had a great day anyhow and I 'm going again soon."

It was not until a year after that the whole story came out. I happened to refer to it the other day and the loss of his twenty-five dollars. "Why," he said, "it was fifty dollars." I was surprised, as I had never known Nick to exaggerate. I said, "Nick, you told me your fine was only twenty-five dollars." "But I had to pay for the other fellow. I did n't want to leave him pinched." "And did you get it back, Nick?" "Get nothing back" said Nick with absolute finality.

When it comes to sport that is just where

NICK, OLD BLOKE & CO.

Nick lives. On account of his lack of opportunities I hold him pretty safe on football and boating, but in professional baseball and boxing he makes me blush with shame. Only the other day I was telling him that this winter I thought I would take in some of the good fights, and he was recommending a particular bout, Gibbons–McGorty, I think, to begin with. I said: "Nick, here 's what we will do. You know all about these fights and have inside information. Get me some good tips, I 'll put up a little money and we will both get rich." Nick looked up with his quick laugh in his eyes and said, "Or else go broke." Could you beat it? Instead of encouraging me in an open-and-shut cinch where he could win but not possibly lose, he said "Or else go broke."

Some day when any of you have nothing to do, go down to the Battery and take a look at Nick. You can't miss him. You 'll know him by his old yellow flannel army shirt—the only yellow thing about him, by the way.

Tell him that the old bloke with the gray beard sent you, and watch his expression. For Nick knows his friends are my friends, and Nick always gives at least as good as he receives. He will make you more than welcome.

IX

DINNER OF SOCIETY OF EARLY EIGHTIES

(The "Jerry" referred to wore a very handsome flowered white satin waistcoat.)

I HAVE an almost dog-like fidelity to those who feed me, and here I am at your table about to bark most gratefully once more. It is pleasant, more than pleasant, to be with you again. Life ever grows more broad, more precious. How tame even a few years ago would seem to-day without automobiles, without flying machines, without wireless telegraphy, and without the Early Eighties!

I do not know whether from a latent consciousness of the dangerous possibilities of these dinners of yours, but I got thinking the other day of the season of good resolutions fast approaching. Jim Livingston has worked out the handiest, the most useful about the

home or club swear-off I have ever known. Its details baffled me for a time but I think I have mastered them. Roughly, he drinks beer, ale, wine, but sternly puts aside whiskey or anything else he can think of he does n't want. There are possibilities, however, I believe, which even he has never dreamed of. I happened to read an article touching on the theory of the late Yale professor, Dr. Atwater, that alcohol is a food. One of the most worthy and long-respected resolutions has always been to drink only with meals. Now grasp this idea of drinking only with your meals firmly—hitch to it the Atwater theory that alcohol is a food and, gentlemen, well may we ask, where are we at?

Barnum's three-ringed circus is simple, quiescent, compared to your scope of continuous activity. I believe in this idea is hidden somewhere the germ of the solution of the problem which has baffled the science of ages—the problem of perpetual motion.

I am sorry to strike a jarring note, and know

that you will be surprised to hear that at your dinner last year I was curiously insulted by one of your officers. I had been invited as President of the Upper Eighties weeks ahead and spent sleepless nights arranging something worthy of the occasion, of you and of the Society which I have the honor to represent. The day—the hour—came. I was sitting with my legs under your table sipping your champagne, with something of calmness, something even of satisfaction, born not of work well done, but of work done at least to the best of my ability, when that snake you call Jerry, that satin-waistcoated adder, glided from the other end of the table and hissed in my ear, "Charlie, you won't mind if we call on you for a little speech." Something arose within me; it was no time to mince words. I held him for an awful moment with my eye and then said, "Jerry, if you don't, I 'll wreck the table."

I rather fancied that this had fixed him—that his fangs had been drawn—but I was soon

to learn that the venom, the poison intent at least, still remained. I went shortly after to the Dinner of the Older Graduates. There he was, gliding about as is his custom, and with the peculiar markings of his belly making a very brave appearance. The evening passed pleasantly and I remember, fascinated dove that I was, I even took a drink with him afterwards at the bar. I noticed that he slipped out just before me; the reason was soon to be apparent. The boy brought my things; my hat and coat were all right, but in place of my English umbrella, a gift which had a large crooked handle of polished wood with a gold band and my initials, was a department store monstrosity, with a rough T-shaped handle. I said, "That is not mine." The boy unpinned a piece of paper from it which read, "The other one was taken by mistake by Mr. Gerard Romaine and he left this." I was in no mood or condition to try to discover the details—who pinned the paper, how he was found out,—but taking almost thankfully any-

thing he had left me I passed out into the night.

We are here together again. So far nothing has happened but I am not reassured. I know his habit—to strike when least expected,—but I am not entirely unprepared. Although representing as you know, the Upper Eighties, I have come in the guise of an Old Grad, sans umbrella, sans watch, sans pocket book, sans everything save only the bare requirements of decency, and let him do his worst.

X

ON THE PRESENTATION OF A BRONZE BUST OF DEAN VAN AMRINGE, ITS FIRST AND ONLY PRESIDENT, TO THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CLUB.

AS you know, I have been through a long serious illness and under the doctor's orders to take things easy. I announced that after the Upper Eighties' Annual Dinner I was going to speak no more this winter. Just here I received the cruelest blow of my young life—instead of a chorus of indignant protest, the announcement met with universal and cordial approval. This may have been prompted by interest in my welfare and intended as a compliment in disguise, but you remember what Hannibal, who had just won a battle in which his losses were so tremendously heavy as to almost put his mag-

nificent army out of business said, "Victory—one more such victory and I 'll have to go back to Carthage." One more such compliment and all Columbia gatherings will see of me in the future will be my coat-tails.

I really meant or thought I meant what I said, but a call to speak in honor of Van Am is enough to galvanize a deaf-mute into oratory. A Tammany politician once said, "What is a constitution among friends?" and got away with it. I say, and every other Columbia man would say the same thing, "What is a constitution to give for Van Am?" Most of you are no doubt familiar with the statue of Nathan Hale in City Hall Park. To me it is the most touching piece of sculpture I have ever seen. A splendid figure of a noble young man with his simple manly words, "I am only sorry that I have but one life to give for my country." I can say with Nathan Hale, "I am only sorry that I have but one constitution, and that one somewhat battered, to give for Van Am."

I have known and loved Van Am for thirty

years. I told a story at our Upper Eighty Dinner the other night which reminded me of him. Two Vermont farmers sitting in front of the stove in the country store see Bill Jones drive up in his old buggy. One says, "Ike, Bill Jones ain't the man he used to be," and Ike, spitting judicially on the stove, replies, "No, and never was n't." The point is—Van Am is so exactly different. Twenty-five years ago, when I knew him well, Van Am in his so-called prime never was the man he is to-day, never was the man he is going to continue to be for years to come.

Dean Van Amringe occupies a place all his own in the hearts of Columbia men. I was speaking of this several years ago to Dan Moran. He said, "Yes, Charlie, Van Am has become more than a mere man, he 's a sentiment." He was right, absolutely right. What the Yale fence is to Yale, the ivy to Princeton, Van Am is to Columbia—a tangible, concrete expression of sentiment to which our memories can lovingly cling. He

has been the friend of our youth, of our young manhood, and now of our prime. I was going to sum up and say, of the best years of our life, but how can I, when we see what he has done, what he is doing with the years yet to come to us.

This then is the bust of the friend of each one of us, a friend like the Douglas of old, tender and true. It comes, as I know Van Am would have it come, by popular subscription, a gift from many Columbia loving hearts. I present it in the name of the Committee to the Columbia University Club.

XI

A RACING EXPERIENCE

I WAS reading in the papers Sunday that we are going to have racing again. What fun it used to be! It was a luxury of course. We had to pay the piper, but how we enjoyed the dancing, and there never was anything like it to bring out human nature.

As I was thinking over it all, an experience forgotten for twenty years came back to me. I had an engagement with a friend to go down to Sheepshead. He told me at lunch that his wife wanted to come and asked me whether I would mind. I knew her well. She was a dear little woman, plump, petite, with a lot of fair hair and the biggest, most appealing pair of brown eyes you ever saw.

We met her as arranged at Long Island City and took our seats in one of the little

parlor cars with their narrow aisles and wicker chairs close together. It was a pleasant little party and everything went merrily for about three-quarters of the way, then my friend turned to his wife and said, "You had better give me the money." "Why, Russell," she gasped, "I forgot to bring it." It seems that he had left his pocket-book in the bureau drawer and telephoned her to bring it along when she started from home. Everything merry stopped as though it had been hit by an axe. My friend was very much put out and began to let every one in general, his wife in particular, know just how he felt. "Women were not much use anyhow, they never could be trusted to attend to anything important; it was a confounded nuisance to have them butting in on a thing like racing where they were only in the way at the best," etc., etc. I tried to pour a little oil on the troubled waters by telling him that leaving money in the bureau drawer was a great deal better than leaving it at the track, which, with his

judgment he would surely have done if she had brought it. There had always been quite some rivalry between us about our respective abilities to "pick" winners, and this little sally did not seem to help things much. He went from bad to worse. She stood it bravely for a while, but he finally went too far and her eyes began to fill with tears. It 's a general rule that bachelors always think that husbands of attractive women are absolutely unworthy of them and I never saw a better illustration than the present case. How could a dear little woman like that ever have married a slab-sided, long-legged thing like my friend when there were so many men who would have appreciated her! I was chewing the cud of these reflections like an old cow, hesitating whether to butt in, but I lost my chance; there was a better man at hand and he gave my Anglo-Saxon conservatism a jolt from which it has never entirely recovered.

I had noticed just across the aisle a fine-looking, middle-aged man with something

foreign about his well-kept little black moustache and dark olive skin, probably a high-class Cuban or Spaniard. He apparently had not been paying any attention to what was going on, but he had evidently overheard some of it. He took the one step across the aisle and without noticing at all the woman, except as he included her in the sweep of his bow, he drew a big flat wallet from his inside pocket and opening it held it out to my friend. "Here 's my card," he said, "help yourself." We almost fell over backwards. You ought to have seen what he was offering. Those were the days of heavy betting and he was evidently ready for a "killing." There were nothing but yellow backs—twenties, fifties, one hundreds; it was impossible to tell just how much there was, maybe several thousand, certainly a thousand at least, and he was offering it to a man he had never seen or heard of, simply because the eyes of a pretty little woman had begun to fill with tears.

I was the first to pull myself together, told

him that I had money enough to do for all of us, that we could get more at the track, if necessary; then we all thanked and made much of him, but told him that we could not think of availing ourselves of his more than generous offer. Just then the train pulled up at Sheepshead, and we lost him in the crowd, and never saw him again that day or since.

He certainly came from a clime where the sun shines warmer than we in the cold north know and brings hearts closer to the surface.

He had done good work—all bickering and friction were forgotten for that day, at least. I told my friend he ought to tour the country with his wife. Properly handled there were millions in it.

We had a glorious time, although I proved myself a true prophet, as we left behind us every cent of my money, with the consolation, however, that his would have gone too if she had not left it safe in the bureau drawer.

You know what the man said about fishing. He would rather fish and catch fish than

anything in the world, and next to it he would rather fish and not catch anything. So it is with the "Sport of Kings." There is nothing so glorious in the world as the unusual experience of going to the races and winning, and right next come the usual days when you go and lose.

XII

HOW I LOST THE KEEN EDGE OF MY RACING ENTHUSIASM

I HAD always taken a keen interest in racing as in all other out-door sport, but during a certain summer twenty or twenty-five years ago I became a wild enthusiast. Those were the palmy days. There were any number of good horses, but three, about whose performances and merits I went clean off my head, stand out from all the rest in my memory—Keene's flashy, peacocky black, Domino; Henry of Navarre, a beautiful golden chestnut; and a western horse, a dark bay, Clifford. At this time, as I remember it, Domino and Henry of Navarre were three-year-olds and Clifford a four-year-old. Domino had a world of speed up to and including a mile, and at his favorite distance was practically unbeatable,

but there was always a doubt as to whether he could carry his speed up to the classic mile and a quarter.

Henry of Navarre was one of the grandest race-horses that ever wore plates, without a suspicion of doubt or uncertainty about him except as to whether he had quite Domino's speed. Good old Clifford was honest and trustworthy to the core, game as a pebble, always ready to do his best, and for some unknown reason my heart went out to him and he was my favorite of the three. All my friends, many of whom knew the Keenes intimately, were to a man that season on Domino, and the results generally vindicated their judgment, but an obstinate streak developed in me, and while I have not the reputation of being obstinate in matters of judgment where it assumes such concrete form as to require backing with cold cash, in those days I was younger, and probably more apt to be swayed by sentiment. Be that as it may, it was none of your flashy blacks or

even beautiful golden chestnuts, but honest, sturdy old Clifford, a horse of bone and substance, for mine, and I paid for this feeling through the nose many a time before the summer was over.

What a horse Henry of Navarre was, though! I will never forget one of his earlier races with Domino at Gravesend or Sheepshead. Domino was exactly right, the distance suited him to a T, and he was promptly installed a three-to-five favorite and was being strongly backed at those odds. When Riley Grannan, one of the great plunging bookmakers of those days and a great friend of Henry of Navarre's owner, Byron McClelland, marked Domino up a point to four to five, I was in the ring and will never forget the scene that followed. He was almost swept off his box in the wild rush to get aboard the good thing. Other bookmakers left their stools and fought their way to get to him, but Riley never winced and took everything that was offered until the starting bell rang. A finger would be held up and

Riley would turn to his sheet maker and say "One thousand dollars for Bill Jones"; two fingers, and two thousand dollars would go down for Ed Smith, and so it went. The ordinary casual better had no show whatever and simply joined the push to see the fun. When, after one of the most thrilling races ever run, Henry of Navarre and Domino crossed the wire locked together in a dead-heat, there was n't a man at the track, even Domino's backers, who did not take off their hats to Riley and feel glad that he had won on the split.

For the uninitiated—you see it is a rule with racing that when a horse is backed at odds and runs a dead-heat the amount up is equally divided, so that when Domino's backers bet five to four with Riley on Domino on the dead-heat, each side got four and one-half, Riley Grannan winning one-half on every four dollars he wagered, which, with the vast amount at stake, made a very handsome vindication for his nerve and judgment.

But all this is a digression. I had been backing Clifford, principally against Domino, all through the summer and I had always lost, although in one way or another he had showed well enough in the various races to make his stable connections and his outside admirers like myself feel that some day when everything was just right he would turn the trick. At Morris Park in the fall we believed the day had come—and come it had. I had formed the habit of going into the paddock and looking Clifford over before his races. I had been around so much I had come to know his people and they told me that he was never in such grand condition, had put on thirty or forty pounds, and he certainly looked fit to run for a king's ransom. As I remember it, there were only the three horses in the race; if there were others, they cut no figure whatever either before or during it. Henry of Navarre would have been considered right in the running, but it was known that he was not right, had been off his feed and looked far from fit, tucked up and

with his coat dry and dusty. These conditions were reflected in the betting. Domino steadily ruled the favorite at about seven to ten or four to five. Clifford was second choice, six to five or seven to five, and Henry of Navarre steadily receded, closing at four to one, a strangely long price against so great a horse.

The more I thought of it the more enthusiastic I became, and kept going back into the betting-ring putting on more and more money until I had a fat stack of tickets representing a disgracefully large amount for a modest better like myself. I made my last bet for myself on Clifford and put up twenty-five dollars on Henry of Navarre for a friend of mine who could not go that day as he had some athletic event at Princeton which he wished to see, getting the top price, four to one. He had known and often laughed at my fondness for Clifford, and told me, that day when I lunched with him before starting for the races, that, no matter what I heard or what

I thought, I should put up the twenty-five dollars he gave me on Henry of Navarre at the best odds I could get, and said: "Charlie, I know you will be broke after the fourth race; use what I win on Navarre to help you out on the fifth and sixth." I laughed him to scorn and told him that Navarre in his condition had no more chance than a sick chicken,—but he laughs best who laughs last. Hurrying back from the ring to get a position on the grand stand from which to watch the race, I ran across a friend of mine, an amateur musician of some note, and told him that Clifford was going to win and how I had been backing him. "Why," he said, "he won't even run second; I 'll bet you twenty-five dollars that Navarre beats him." I told him what the odds were and what I understood Navarre's condition to be, but he would n't listen to it and insisted on my taking the bet. I felt that it was like robbing the blind, but let him have his way. All this took a little time, and when I got to the grand stand, which was packed to the limit, the best

I could do was to balance myself on a table with some other late enthusiasts and try to peer over the heads of those in front of me.

It was a wonderful race, one of the greatest ever run. Domino and Clifford went out in front and ran like a team until they entered the home-stretch with Navarre trailing four or five lengths behind, apparently hopelessly beaten. Then the final test came. For a dozen lengths or so, with both jockeys whipping and spurring like mad, Clifford and Domino ran head and head. What I had longed for, prayed for, happened—Domino cracked and Clifford, good old Clifford, came away—had beaten him at last. The money I had won was the smallest part of it; my precious judgment was vindicated, the scoffers would be silenced forever. But while the stand was rocking with the cries of "Clifford!" "O! you Clifford!" Henry of Navarre, great race-horse that he was, came up from the rear, passed Domino as though he were tied to a stake, and collared Clifford. Clifford, as always, did his honest

best, but his terrific duel with Domino had all but finished him and he had nothing left to meet Navarre's determined challenge. Henry of Navarre, after a sharp, short struggle, came away and galloped across the wire two lengths to the good.

As Clifford went down I fell with him, not only figuratively but literally as well. My position on the back of the table was secure enough while I was leaning forward all absorbed in the race, but probably I shrank back a little in horror at the sight that met my eyes when Henry of Navarre went to the front. Anyhow, as Henry of Navarre was passing a winner, I toppled over backwards on the floor of the grand-stand and, as the race finished, picked myself up a wiser and ever after a somewhat less enthusiastic follower of the races.

It was not until I finished tearing up sadly my useless tickets, after figuring up just how much I had dropped, that I remembered the last crowning insult, that my musician friend

won his twenty-five dollars even on Navarre, and I am free to confess that, although somewhat shamefacedly, I availed myself of the Princeton prophet's offer and bet modestly on the last two races with the money which I had won for him on Navarre.

After the races I sent him a telegram to the Ivy Club, Princeton: "Henry of Navarre and our Henry, how can you beat them—four to one." They nailed it on the bulletin board and but for the fact that the Princeton Clubs are strictly temperance, I am afraid they would have made the hundred dollars he won look like the proverbial thirty cents.

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